

A SEASIDE PICTURE.

THE GIRL OLIVE HARPER DESCRIBES MAKES ONE.

Dreams of Delicate Beauty In Dress. Handsomely Gowned Young Ladies at Long Branch—Fashions In Eloquent and Witty Phrases.

[Special Correspondence.] LONG BRANCH, N. J.—Some of these days there will be nothing left of Long Branch but a hole in the ground, and some of us utter a fervent hope that all the hackmen will be piled in the bottom of that hole, for they are Philistines. But every year old ocean takes a new bite out of the shrinking shore down here, and every year the bluffs grow smaller, and some day, as I said, the great Atlantic will rise in his might, and not to make two bites of a cherry swallow the whole place.

What, then, will become of the pretty girls and lovely matrons who think life is not worth living without Long Branch? There be those that love Newport, others who think Saratoga is just hot enough for them, others who prefer Bar Harbor, but when one loves Long Branch it is with a deep and abiding affection that outlasts seasons. There is so much more to Long Branch than anywhere else for those who frequent it that mothers instill love and appreciation for it into their baby daughters, and fathers initiate their sons into its delights.

"Are fashions fashionable at Long Branch?" was the question put to me to-day. I think they are, if my eyes do not deceive me, though I have a pair of blue specs on. Witness a lovely girl ready for a ride out to that delightful, shady little hostelry where you can sit in the garden, eat fried crabs and ice cream and watch the fishermen get water blis-



MORNING AT LONG BRANCH.

ters on the backs of their necks to take home instead of fish. This pretty girl had a dress of hopsacking of just the approved degree of coarseness in pale tan, and the skirt would form a circle as true as a trade dollar. Around that skirt she had three rows of bias mordore velvet and two rows of unpleated sealskin. The waist was made of accordeon plaited silk, trimmed with the velvet and fur in the same style as the skirt, with a square yoke of fur and velvet to protect her chest against the hot sunshine and warm land breeze.

This same young lady will in the evening wear a dress thin and filmy, and the neck will be bare to permit the chill evening wind to wander around and give her pneumonia as she promenades with somebody on the cool piazzas. Her hat is of red rough and ready straw, with mordore velvet and a fluff of feathers. Her sister, who got no invitation to ride behind a pair of high steppers, stays around the hotel and wears a blue and white striped satin surah made plain almost to severity. A pale blue fluff front to the waist rises from a swiss girdle of the dark blue, bordered with a herringbone stitching in scarlet silk.

In the afternoon the ladies put on dainty gowns, for their husbands and the other women's husbands, or the man they hope will be their own husband some day, begin to return from the city, or the fish pond, or some other place.

Now you may see one young lady in an old rose china silk, with large purple flower-de-luce lying as if crushed flat upon it. Around the bottom are three gauffered puffs of old rose satin and at the knees three more. The waist is the kind that is called baby and has a wide belt with four ropes of silver tinsel and pale purple silk. Similar ones border the neck, forming heading for the epaulets of lace. The sleeves are puffs, with a fall of lace coming to the elbow, where they are met with long suede gloves.



AFTERNOON AT LONG BRANCH.

There are wraps to be seen down here that would make your eyes water, so pretty they are, and parasols that are dreams of delicate beauty. There are tennis dresses and dancing dresses, riding habits, lounging gowns and hats—such hats!—so beautiful that you would think fairies had made them, and it seems as if gloves, slippers and hats were never worn but once here at Long Branch, for everything looks so bright and fresh and new that one enjoys the sight.

OLIVE HARPER.

UNDER A BLAZING SUN.

A Summer Cruise Among the Picturesque Bahama Islands. [Special Correspondence.]

HAVANA, JUNE 26.—We rounded up in a dead calm at Egg island, latitude 25.30 longitude 76.53. As we approached the harbor there a pilotboat put off to show us the way in if the breeze did not die too soon. Dancing over the waves came the craft, about the size of a dory. Her leg o' mutton sail swelled prettily.



THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

The navigator who boarded the schooner was evidently a genuine native Bahaman. He was lank and cadaverous. Blue eyes and yellow mustache proclaimed English blood was in his veins, and a general bleached out appearance indicated fruit and an occasional fish was not a diet to be longed for. His speech was very broken, though what variety of brogue he employed is yet a mystery. After asking \$5 he was finally eager to pilot us for \$2. It is the fashion among these aborigines to demand double the price they expect. In so much are they civilized. Aided by a fading zephyr and the enormous palm-tree to worn by our guide, our vessel glided past reef and curling froth to a safe anchorage. The tropical twilight is short, but ere the stars had polished their faces jibtopsal, flying jib and jib had come down, topsails, foresail and mainsail were furled, and the anchor chain had rattled through the hawse hole.

A typical tropic isle showed itself immediately on the vessel's quarter. A narrow strip of land it was, with a foundation of coral; the bushes thickly clustered and the trees in clumps stood green against the blue sky. On each end the surf was heaped like snow, and a roar was borne to our ears. The green water rolled in surges upon a beach of the whitest, finest, softest sand. This stretch of beach terminated at each end of the bay in a sharp horn, where the waves leaped up and fell helplessly back. The glistening rim of sand was a lining to a dark green band of vegetation crowding closely upon it. In the background a row of cocoa palms marked sharp against the sky, and manilla plants pressed the feet of them.

Such was the first Bahama isle we gazed upon. Nor was the land alone wondrous to us. To use an ominous simile, the Emily seemed suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, in the air. Through the 20 feet of ocean under us we could make out every detail on the white sand of the bottom. We could view the starfish, corals and huge sponges and see the great sea fans casting shadows from the sun. The sea was pellucid and tremulous as jelly.

Where the schooner lay the water was the limpid tint of the interior of a lemon. Intersecting this was a strip of grass green, and closely following in a bewildering succession came emerald, robin's egg and olive—all these colors and every tint of green possible thrown lavishly and recklessly together in an always sharp contrast till the eye was drunk with the display. Above all these scenes of land and sea are the blazing tropic sun and the transparent atmosphere kissing the cheek as softly as a mother's caress.

Off to the westward from the Emily was a coral reef, and though abounding in curiosities it was the most abominable place conceivable. Dante's "Inferno" can furnish hardly a fitting parallel. The surface of the moon as pictured in astronomicals must resemble the place—a back of gray coral barely protruding above the waves. Every inch of surface is jagged and scarified as lava, and so hard and sharp are the countless projecting points that the stoutest boot is cut to shreds. Not a particle of softness is to be found, not a variation in the dingy, cold grayness, and overhead innumerable gulls and terns soar and scream.

The inhabitants of this desolate spot are hideous rock crabs. As the boat approached they scrambled in hundreds down the rough banks into the sea, and their clattering was almost an uproar. Repulsive creatures are they, large and sprawling, like spiders, mottled and with protruding eyes and menacing claws. They move with exceeding swiftness and gave us a shock as they tumbled out of every cranny our fingers or feet entered. If the animal world has its imps and goblins, these dreadful crustaceans occupy that sphere.

The name of this reef is Little Egg island. Its sister, Egg island, where is the beach before described, is about half a mile to the northward. High on an elevation, sheer above the vegetation, shine the white walls of a lighthouse and the keeper's dwelling. The keeper and his son are the only persons living on the isle. He is an Englishman, of course. He has been here two years—ever since the light was placed. It is a lonely life, and he says he is sick of it. One of the two people must be constantly at the lighthouse, and the other at intervals must go to a neighboring island for food and necessary articles.

Being of Johnny Bull instincts, Mr. Pinder has a very confused idea of the United States. He said he had a brother-in-law there. His name was Smith, and we probably knew him. We did. Mr. Pinder also had the notion we had come down to annex the Bahamas. "The hold woman hangs onto these islands pretty well, don't she?" he remarked suspiciously. ED L. SABIN.

GOOD HEALTH.

CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

A Well Known Parisian Specialist's Course For Undue Flesh.

The following is recommended by Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz for the reduction of corpulence by persons whose hearts and arteries are sound: Every morning a general body sponging with hot water and cologne and water, followed by dry rubbing and massage. A tumblerful of purgative water is then administered. At the end of each meal a dessertspoonful of the following solution is swallowed: Fifteen grams of iodide of potassium and 250 grams of water. The undermentioned regimen is to be rigorously observed: First meal, at 8 a. m., a cup of chocolate and 20 grams of bread. Second meal, two eggs or 100 grams of meat, 100 grams of green vegetables or salad, 15 grams of cheese, a little fruit, 50 grams of bread, one glass and a half of liquid (a light white wine with Vichy water). Third meal, at 7 p. m., no soup, 100 grams of meat, 100 grams of green vegetables or salad, 15 grams of cheese, fruit, 50 grams of bread, one glass and a half of liquid (white wine with Vichy water). No drinking between meals, no tea, coffee, cognac or other alcoholic beverage. Plenty of exercise in the open air.

Poison Versus Venom.

It is common to hear people talk about "poisonous" serpents. Quite to the contrary are the following remarks of a physician quoted by the New Orleans Picayune: "Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms to be effective have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snakes kill. Their venom, taken internally, is innocuous. "Another popular error is the supposition that a snake bites. Probably no creature in the world provided with teeth and jaws has so little power of biting. The jaws are not hinged, but are attached one to the other by cartilage. Thus a snake can have no leverage in opposing one jaw to the other and could not in this manner pierce the skin. The fangs are driven into the flesh by a stroke and not by a bite. A snake is harmless unless in coil. From its coil it throws its head and body forward, and strikes or hooks its fangs into the object aimed at. The entire work is done with the upper jaw, the lower jaw having nothing at all to do with it. A man striking a boothook into a pier furnishes an example of the way in which a snake strikes. Biting is a physical impossibility."

To Keep Ice In The Sickroom.

Cut a piece of clean flannel (white is best) about 10 inches or more square. Place this over the top of a glass pitcher, or even a tumbler, pressing the flannel down half way or more into the vessel. Then bind the flannel fast to the top of the glass with a string or piece of tape. Now put the ice into the flannel cup and lay another piece of flannel 5 or 6 inches square upon the ice. Arranged thus, says American Cultivator, ice will keep many hours.

Health Hints.

Headache frequently yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the back of the neck and the feet.

Linewater is a safe remedy for the acidity that creates what is known in the old fashioned phrase as "sick stomach."

For catarrh snuff up considerable salt and water from the hollow of the hand every morning. Salt and water, used as a gargle just before going to bed, strengthens the throat and helps to prevent bronchial troubles. It is also excellent for sore throat.

For neuralgia make a small muslin bag, fill it with salt, heat it very hot and lay it against the aching place. It will prove a great relief, as salt retains the heat a long time.

When suffering from overstrained and tired eyes, bathe them in hot water several times a day.

ETIQUETTE.

AT HOME DAYS.

"At Home" is a Clear Gain as Compared With Calls Paid Against Time.

Afternoon calling is not exactly what it was when the present generation were children and when their mothers paid and received calls. In those days "at home days" were unknown and afternoon at homes singularly few. Afternoon calls were made in the expectation of finding people at home, which expectation was generally realized, for beyond the afternoon drive ladies had but few engagements. A change has come over the spirit of the age, and the restless desire to be here, there and everywhere, to be doing something, seeing something or organizing something, leaves little leisure or inclination for sitting quietly at home to be called upon in a desultory manner by friends and acquaintances. Thus it came about that afternoon calling gradually developed into afternoon card leaving. Society was seldom or never at home to callers, and they considered it rather a bore when it was. Four calls in one afternoon of 30 minutes' length took up an hour and 30 minutes at least, added to which the distance to be got over from house to house nearly exhausted the calling hours, and a large circle of acquaintances could hardly be called upon within a couple of months at this rate of progress.

Calling became irksome and dull, and society ladies with much to get through were more surprised than pained to find their friends at home. A short visit was discourteous, a long visit meant a tax upon time, and thus "at home days" gradually came to the rescue. They were at first, protested against and pronounced rather bad style than not, but they were a useful institution. They supplied a need. They bound society together. They made their way and became generally accepted. Most ladies have three or four "at home days" to attend every day more or less. They go early to one and late to another and take them all in turn. They know the hostess will be at home to them, and not only can they have a few minutes' talk with her, but they can also see from 10 to 20 friends and acquaintances at each house during their short stay. The host is also not infrequently visible and has a pleasant word to say to his wife's friends. Then, too, agreeable men drop in occasionally. Thus it may be said that "at home" and "at home days" are a clear gain as compared with afternoon calls paid against time.

AN UNLUCKY GIRL.

Ethel Talks of a Perfectly Awful Thing That Happened.

"Well, Ethel, dear," said her friend, "how are you getting along with that awfully handsome college friend who is visiting your brother?"

"Not at all," was the frank reply. "I've let him see that Will is desperately in love with me, though I don't care a fig for him. I've made his favorite salad twice and quoted from his class day oration, but it's no use."

"Oh, well, perhaps he is engaged."

"Oh, no, he isn't or he would have shown me her photograph and offered in a patronizing way to be my friend. As it is, he scarcely seems to see me."

"And that is a great deal worse than being engaged."

"Indeed it is. Why, if he was engaged we could exchange confidences, and I could lament, with a glance at him, that I had no heart to give Will. Then on parting we could have a perfectly lovely scene of eternal farewell."

"So you could, Minnie says she misses Tom awfully since he was married. You see he was awfully handsome, but hadn't a penny. Still, as he was engaged, he was perfectly safe, and she could try all her new tricks on him."

"Of course, and even if he was in earnest and became troublesome she could say that she would never, never accept a second love, or else they must part and not break the other girl's heart."

"Very true. And how furious the other girl would be!"

"Wouldn't she? But, oh, Minnie, I haven't told you the perfectly awful thing that happened the other evening!"

"Of course you haven't, you mean, close thing—but do tell me now."

"Oh, it is nearly too awful to tell!"

"No, tell me—I haven't a bit of curiosity, as you know, but I know what a relief it is to tell somebody when a thing is really too bad to speak about."

"So it is. Now, when Stella's lovely long curl came off in Dick's hand while he was twining it around his finger, she said she hadn't a moment's peace until she came over to tell me about it."

"Yes, indeed, and when Mattie found that Nelson was engaged to both Effie and herself, she said she'd have died if she hadn't telegraphed me all about it at once."

"I know. Well, if I really must, I will tell you."

"Yes, indeed, I!"

"Well, you know, he and my brother were off on a yachting trip for several days."

"I know. My brother was of the party, and he said that your brother's friend was the only man he ever knew who could quote poetry when he was seasick."

"Yes, well, they got home in the dusk of the evening. I was alone, for Will had got off two hours earlier than usual and gone home, and I—"

"Yes, yes, don't keep me in suspense."

"Well, I had on my lovely white empire gown, which falls in such long, classic lines, and, you know, I have been studying Delsarte a long time and have learned to take the most fetching attitudes."

"Yes, but—"

"Well, when I heard them coming an idea suddenly occurred to me, and I determined to make one last effort to awaken his interest. You know it is awfully easy to mistake people in the dusk of the evening."

"Yes, yes, I!"

"Well, I just rushed out into the hall and flung my arms around one of them and kissed him."

"Oh, but you hadn't!"

"No. I had kissed my own brother after all. I was always unlucky," she concluded, with a sigh.—Chicago Tribune.

His Reward.

A woman got beyond her depth, and Charlie Kneckerbocker heroically rushed into the water and pulled her out just as she was going down for the third time. Her husband, a large, stout man, thanked Charlie heartily, and taking him off to one side whispered:

"You have saved the life of my wife, but you are too much of a gentleman to accept any reward from me. Let me give you a piece of advice that will be valuable to you—never eat sausage in summer. I'm a bowery butcher, and I know what I'm talking about."—Texas Siftings.

A Mistake.

"This baby of yours seems pretty solid," said Hankinson, holding Tompkins' baby up in his arms.

"Of course he is," retorted Tompkins. "Did you think he was plaid?"—Harper's Bazar.

How She Knew.

He—I'm growing a mustache. She—So some one told me.—Exchange.

Knew His Penchant.

The Milkmaid—The cow butted Mr. Cityman yesterday.

The Other Girl—Dear me! She must have known how bad he was of milk pure!

Truth.

The Milkmaid—The cow butted Mr. Cityman yesterday.

The Other Girl—Dear me! She must have known how bad he was of milk pure!

Truth.

COMPACT AND SENSIBLE.

Plans For a Home of Eight Rooms and Bath—Economy the Feature. [Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

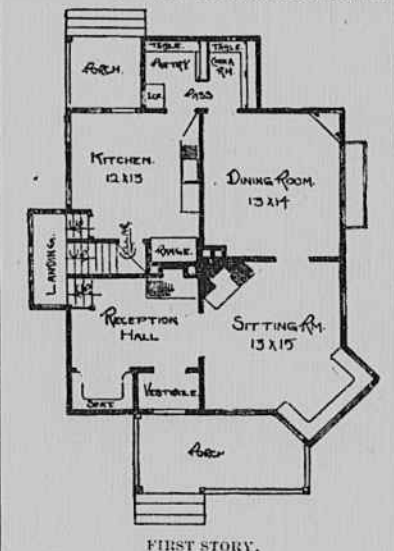
This plan contains four rooms on the first floor and four and a bathroom above. All are brought close together. We enter a vestibule from a road porch. In this vestibule is a space for hats, umbrellas and wraps. Immediately in front on the other side of the room is a grate. The stairway goes to a landing which projects beyond the main body of the house. This is an improvement on having a landing inside the square line of the building. It gives more room for living in the stair hall. In the front part of this room is a window seat. It takes up the space left after cutting off the vestibule. A well constructed window seat



FRONT ELEVATION.

and one thoughtfully arranged performs a great service. Primarily it is a fixed seat and for that reason takes up little available room in a building. In case of social entertainment it makes a large addition to the seating capacity of a room and at the same time makes little infringement upon the general capacity of the room itself.

The economical part of this arrangement of house is the fact that the stairway and the flue are in the center of the building. It is a single fluestack and a single stairway space. A single fluestack which does not serve the purpose of a sufficient number is not to be thought of, and a stairway which does not serve a proper purpose in accommodating the various requirements of a stairway should not be built. Here, however, is a fluestack which accommodates all rooms on the first floor, a sufficiency on the second, and a stairway which serves the purpose of a front and back stairway at the same time. Landing as it does in the middle of the house, and having very little hallway, it means, in the first place, a relatively small amount of stairway and hall space to pay for when viewed from a constructional standpoint. It means an absolutely small amount of carpet for



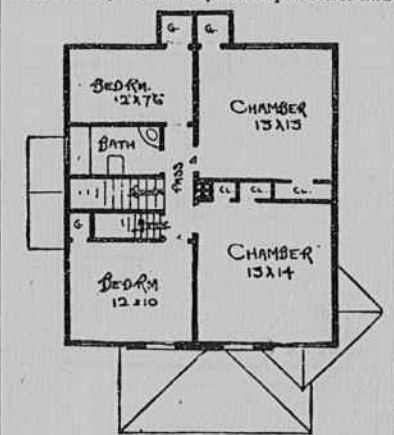
FIRST STORY.

the hall. Hence we have the first cost of the building, the cost of furnishing, the saving in labor and expense in caring for the building, and therefore an economy which will extend through the life of the house.

In the kitchen the range is virtually outside of the four walls. It sits in a recess. The recess should be surrounded with brick even in a frame house. The wood is prettier and more readily cared for. This recess should be ventilated into a flue. The table and drain board arrangements, and the pantry, and the connection between the kitchen and dining room and the back porch are clearly shown. Nothing could be added to their convenience if the house were to cost \$20,000.

It is to be noticed that the cellar stairway goes down under the main stairway; also that there is a stairway going to the main landing of the front stairway from the kitchen. There are two doors separating this stairway from the main landing, and hence two doors to keep the kitchen odors from the front part of the house.

Houses loaded down with jigsaw work and all the intricacy of flush times soon fall in decay. In the spirit of prudence and



SECOND STORY.

economy with which this house is designed it has been the thought to make an exterior which is permanent and substantial, one which will retain itself in good form without the expense which is inseparable from a gaudy structure. LOUIS H. GIBSON.

Russell Sturgis on Architecture.

In tracing the growth and relative values of architecture Mr. Sturgis calls attention to the fact that different materials were specially capable of use in making or building different objects, all perhaps of artistic value, and holds that the best art followed nature closest. Stone was best suited for structures built upon large lines and employing heavy masses of material. The natural use of wood was in such work as employed the straight stick, more or less carved or ornamented, but carrying the principle of a tree trunk. Metal was susceptible of twisting and bending, and hence was the natural material to employ where such effect was to be desired.

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